

## Supermoon

By Heloise Hotson

September

But it feels like June

In rainbow halos  
glows my moon

Upon the hillside  
silver, strewn with  
paper leaves and  
seeds and soon

The purifying  
mist of dew A  
beaded canvas  
damp and new  
Luminescent clair de lune

Midnight

But it could be noon

So bright the light  
of supermoon So  
neon white my

astral rune whose  
unforgiving eye  
illumes the sloping

valley stark and  
true A masterpiece  
in shining blue

Seeking shadows to consume